A New SONG,

CLXXIII.

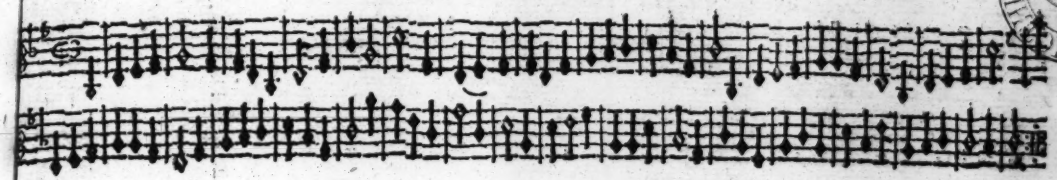
In Praiſe of the Loyal Company of

STATIONERS,

Who (after the general forfeit,) for Their ſingular Loyalty, obtain'd the firſt CHARTER of *LONDON*, *Anno* 1684.

To the Tune of, *Wincheſter Wedding*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA



1.

IN *London* was ſuch a Quarter,
The like was never known,
About the forfeited CHARTER
Betwixt the *Court* and the *Town*;
The Maſters went crouding before,
The Prentices i'th' Rear did fall,
There were ten thouſand and more,
Attended to lead up the Brawl:
Kit Arm'd with a Fork and a Spade,
And *Bob* with a Shovel and Fork,
But *Tender* was for a ſurrender,
And now it began to work.

2.

Quoth *Willy* what loſe the CHARTER?
I'll ſooner loſe my Head;
Quoth *Robin* I'll die a Martyr
Before that ſhall ever be ſaid: [ping,
Quoth *John* you may ſhut up your Shop-
Your CHARTER was all your Shield,
For every Sea-man of *Wapping*,
May be Freeman now of the *Guield*;
Quoth a *Butcher*, the Beggerly *French*
Will out of our Mouths eat the Bread;
But the *Weaver*, he cock'd up his Beaver,
And valiantly march'd at the Head.

3

But *Stationers Hall* ſo Loyal,
The CHARTER by which they meet,
The gift of his Anceſters Royal,
Did humbly lay at His Feet:
Whoſe Suit he ſo far befriendeth,
Their Liberties know no bound,
Their CHARTER her wings extendeth
through *London*, and many miles round.
And now from the *Bigot* and *Whig*,
(To diſtinguiſh the good men, and true)
The Table is purg'd, and the Rabble
With the Members excluded withdrew.

4

With limping *Dick*, the *Zealous*,
Went doating yea, and nay,
And ſquinting *Jack* ſo Jealous.
Leſt Loyalty got the day.
With theſe *Jack Thumb* was reckon'd,
And hungry *Will* of the wood;
And *Frank* the firſt, and the ſecond,
And *George* that will never be good.
And thus they did trip it along,
Whilſt *William* led up the Brawl,
But *Jonny* did ſtorm above any,
To be turn'd out of the Hall.

5.

Jack gave his right hand to *Harry*,
VVho now his place had loſt,
And ſwore if the day they carry,
The *Loyal* ſhou'd pay for the Roſt.
But *Robin* who made a tryal,
And found how the Jig wou'd go,
Reſolv'd to change ſides, and be Loyal,
But all the *Diſſenters* ſaid no;
Thus whilſt to the CHARTER or Law,
They would no obedience yield,
The glory was ſtill *True Tory*,
Is Maſter of the Field.

6.

Now to the *Stationers* Honour,
The CHARTER is on Record;
Great *CHARLES* the Bountiful *Donor*,
Their Franchiſes has reſtor'd;
To whoſe everlaſting Glory,
Thy Honour will ſtill redound;
That they are the firſt in ſtory,
VVho *London*'s CHARTER did found;
Then to the brave Founder a Health,
VVho firſt did our Freedom create,
A Bumper to *CHARLES*; to the *Rumper*
A Halter, and *Armſtrong*'s Fate.

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